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Nous pas mandé ou anyien!
Nous pas mandé l'a'gent enco'!
Papa Nord ça nous ta mandé oh chef,
C'est bamboche nous mandé ou! [Ex. 113]

Alexis Nord, Papa, you are a good chief, oh!
You gave us money, you gave us paper!
Alexis Nord, Papa, you are a good chief, oh!
You gave us money, you gave us paper!
We don't ask you for anything more!
We don't ask you again for money!
Papa Nord, only one thing we are going to ask you, chief,
It is a big celebration we ask for!

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The president's wife, Çéçé, seems to have been very proud of him and very sure of his talents. When the army bugles blow a general assembly call, they are supposed to be saying:

Çéçé té dit Alexis Nord grand moune nan tout corps li!
Çéçé té dit Alexis Nord grand moune nan tout corps li!
Çéçé té dit la quitté pour voir l'heure li vlé!
Çéçé té dit Tonton Nord grand moune nan tout corps li! [Ex. 114]

Çéçé said Alexis Nord is a thoroughly fine man!
Çéçé said Alexis Nord is a thoroughly fine man!
Çéçé said he will quit his office whenever he sees fit!
Çéçé said Uncle Nord is a thoroughly fine man!

Another bugle call, with words attributed to Nord's wife, contains a note of complaint:

Çéçé said *waillel*
Çéçé said that, said that!
Çéçé said if you don't have any money you can't have a woman!
Çéçé said *waillel*
Çéçé said that, said that!
Çéçé said we are working our guts out!
Çéçé said *waillel*
Çéçé said that, said that!
Çéçé said Alexis Nord is president!

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Çéçé was not the only one in Haiti who had confidence in Nord's staying power. One popular song of the period goes:

Alexis Nord Papa,
Bondieu qui mettè ou là!
Consolidé là yo
Qui vlé ba ou traka!

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roaming bands of cacos, generally regarded as bandit elements. Caco chiefs were imprisoned or killed as outlaws, though much of their activity was directed against the American occupation rather than the civil government. Many of the injustices of the occupation were the result of inadequate understanding of the Haitian people and their way of life. There was much unspoken bitterness against the occupation forces, and in some popular songs the Marines were referred to by the peaceful peasantry as "cacos in khaki." During President Borno's administration the people in the north were singing:

Grand Prevost ou pas tendé cacos Bayé Bouteille?
Grand Prevost n'allé wè cacos Bayé Bouteille!
Ala kilé nen dé nations:
Americains dévant, cacos deuxieme!

Grand Prevost, didn't you hear the cacos are at the Bottle Gate?
Grand Prevost, we are going to see the cacos at the Bottle Gate!
Now we have two species:
The Americans are the worst, the cacos come second!

When President Borno's tenure of office came to an end, it was felt in some quarters that Madame Borno was taking the prospective change of residence very hard:

Madame Borno ça ou gainyain ou apé crié?
Ou té tou conné palais a parti pou' ou!
Madame Borno ça ou gainyain ou apé crié?
Ou té tou conné yun jour pou' oté laissé!

Madame Borno, what is the matter, why are you crying?
You always knew one day you would have to leave the palace!
Madame Borno, what is the matter, why are you crying?
You always knew one day you'd have to give it up!

In 1930 Sténio Vincent came into office. He was a generally unpopular executive who managed to hold on to the presidency by suppressing the political opposition. When he was elected, the progressives were hopeful, and his supporters were singing: "Sténio Vincent bon garçon." But public sentiment shifted. Times were hard for the Haitian people during the Vincent administration. The darker citizens felt Vincent was "too light" to have their interests at heart. They were violently aroused, too, by his gingerly handling of the massacre of Haitians in the Dominican Republic in 1937. During his administration there were a number of abortive caco demonstrations and an unsuccessful revolt of high-ranking army officers. But in the early days a Meringue

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person. To his evident surprise he was met not by meek submission, but by the army of the mulatto Pétion. Christophe was not defeated; neither was he victorious. He was obliged to retire in high dudgeon to his loyal supporters in the North, where he proceeded to set up a state according to his own idea of what a state should be.

The Assembly thereupon outlawed Christophe on the ground of rebellion against constituted authority, electing in his stead their great favorite Pétion, whose power as president of the Republic was to be limited by the new constitution. For the next thirteen years, from 1807 to 1820, the tiny country with its 10,000 square miles was divided, Christophe ruling in the North and in the fertile valley of the Artibonite, and Pétion governing until his death in 1818 in the West and South, the main strongholds of the colored element.

Christophe was of the stuff that myths are made of. He was indisputably Haiti's most dynamic, relentlessly effective, and dramatic ruler of the nineteenth century. Like Toussaint and Dessalines, he was a black ex-slave, and like them he had won his spurs as a military leader during the revolution. He was an ardent patriot whose love for his country did not lead to retrogressive chauvinism. Whereas Dessalines through fear and hatred of the French had excluded all white men from Haiti, Christophe had the perspicacity to see that the country could benefit from the contribution of whites. Englishmen he especially welcomed. Like his predecessors Christophe drove his people—with a tyrant's lash, many thought—but only to increase the glory of Haiti.

Christophe had a vaulting imagination which brought glamour even to practical expedients. He built a colossal fortress on a high mountain in the North, partly for defense, but partly to make his contemned Negro people feel that they could achieve one of the architectural and engineering marvels of the age. His exquisite palace, Sans Souci, not only satisfied his own vanity as a ruler but also provided a focal point for the imagination and loyalty of his subjects. In 1811 he had himself crowned king, Henry I, amidst pomp and circumstance—and then created a royal court, partly to reward his leaders, partly to get the fees for patents of nobility, but primarily to bind all important men in the country to himself and to the Haitian state with unbreakable personal bonds. Dramatic in almost every particular of his life and reign, he ruled for thirteen years more through force of personality than by tyranny. Taxes were heavy

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There are sections, particularly in the capital, in which shanties more resembling chicken coops than dwellings house whole families under leaky roofs of crude thatch. Privacy, cleanliness, sanitation, are not to be thought of. That the sun is warm in Haiti is a blessing, for cold would creep through the gaping walls. Where the shanty dwellers go in the rain, where they get their food, what relieves the dreary round of daily monotony the important people of Haiti do not know, nor do many of them seem to care. President Vincent undertook to clear away a section of the most abject slums in Port-au-Prince, erected in their place a series of two-room (likewise two-family) houses about a central square. Compared with the hovels they replaced the new houses are palatial; compared with houses Americans would consider adequate, they look more like unimaginative garages. With what rapidity an epidemic of serious nature might sweep the lower sections of the city, which are but one vast slum, is a thought too harrowing to entertain.

In the whole city there are hardly half a dozen buildings which would detain the lover of architecture. The president's palace is a gleaming white structure, somewhat resembling the White House in Washington. With its background of lofty mountains it makes an impressive picture, although it stands naked in the vast public square of the city. Young palm trees are now growing in the square, and may before many years provide for the palace the setting it deserves. Inside the palace one's chief impression is of emptiness. Other government buildings range from plain white edifices which fulfill their practical function without any suggestion of aesthetic graciousness, down through the inferior grades to wooden structures which one passes without a second glance. The cathedral, placed upon an eminence, is unattractive both in its exterior and in the glaring interior. Upon one of its finger towers at night gleams a light to guide ships into the harbor. The clubs and a few of the villas are pleasant to look at; the colleges of the lay brothers are impressively large, but bespeak the provincial town.

Indeed, one wanders up and down the country in search of man-made beauty and finds only two examples, both partially ruined, and both in the North: Christophe's magnificent citadel, La Ferrière, and the shattered shell of his charming palace, Sans Souci.

The citadel is breath-taking. Astride a great peak the huge edifice resembles the mighty beak of a ship about to soar off into the atmosphere. Inside one can wander through endless vaults, gaze from

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712 the battlements far off across the tortuous mass of mountains and
[713] green valleys, admire the sheer strength of will which made His Majesty's subjects bear four hundred cannon up the steep and rocky path—not to mention thousands of cannon balls now rusting away after a century of disuse, or the powder and shot which once filled
[173] the magazines. It is said that five thousand soldiers could be housed in the fortress at once. If this is hyperbole, one hardly dare challenge
[703] it, for the whole Citadel belittles the individual man. It is likewise said that Christophe once made a battalion of soldiers march off the cliff to their death merely to demonstrate his absolute control over
[766] them. Such stories grow up around His Black Majesty. He lies entombed in his useless but still superb fortress—and lives in the memory of the Northerners, one of whom said proudly: "We of the North have a great heritage, and you will find that we are all dominated by *une psychologie citadelienne*."

Dungeons, secret passages, royal apartments, separate rooms for each of the old Dutch, Spanish, French, and English cannon, some of them dating back to the seventeenth century—all the paraphernalia of the storybook fortress is present. From a bastion one gazes, as from an alp, for miles in any direction, and feels that La Ferrière is certainly one of the most impressive, and one of the most futile, edifices in the world. If the silent cannon had ever been fired, their balls would have rumbled harmlessly down the mountainside. The suspicion grows that Christophe achieved his architectural miracle not primarily as a defense against the French, but to make his subjects proud of what a nation of despised ex-slaves could accomplish.

344 Five miles away, at the foot of the mountain, is the village of
• 644 Milot, with the ruins of the palace of Sans Souci. Of yellow stone, it spreads out spaciously like a French château. Its rooms must have been magnificent. The palace is so situated that one may look out across the northern plains to the sea, or up the valleys to mountain peaks. In Sans Souci Christophe shot himself in 1820 when he knew that only *souci* would remain to him if he lived.

489 Transportation from one part of the country to another is far from
[496] easy. There are no railroads—unless one counts the short line running north a few miles from Port-au-Prince to nowhere in particular, and the equally short line coming west into Cap-Haïtien from the fields
[491] of the northern plain. Roads built by the American Marines make automobile travel between the main towns possible, if one does not